Prin. Your money.
Poyn. Villains.
As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poynes ſet upon them, they all run away, and Falſtaffe after a blow or two runnes away too, leaving the booty behinde them.

Pri. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe, the theeves are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with fear ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away good *Ned*, *Falſtaffe* ſweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along: wert not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter,

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I boar your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in reſpect of the love he bears our houſe: he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better then he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger we pluckt this flower ſafety.

The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named uncertain, the time it ſelf unſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation, an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? why my L. of *Yorke* commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. Zounds and I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my unkle, and my ſelf, L. *Edmond Mortimer*, my L. of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcall is this and Infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King,

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could
ſelfe, and goe to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of
with ſo honourable an action, Hang him, let him t
we are prepared. I will ſet forward to night. En
How now *Kate*, I muſt leave you within this tw

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone
For what offence have I this fortnight beene
A baniſht woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me, ſweete Lord, what is't that takes from t
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes unto the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeke
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholy?
In my faint ſlumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding St
Cry courage to the field: And thou haſt talkt
Of ſallies, and retires, trenches, and tents,
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of baſilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoners ranſome, and of ſouldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at warre,
And thus hath ſo beſturd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late diſturbed ſtreame,
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O what portents a
Some heavy buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What ho, is *Gilliams* with the Packet go
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from t
Ser. One Horſe, my Lord, he brought even ne
Hot. What Horſe? a Roane, a crop-eare, is i